September 4, 1940

Mr. W.E. Barrows
Hansen, Nebraska

Dear Uncle Bill:

I think I am now ready to say to you that we will commission you as Sunday School Missionary to work on the Alaskan highway outside of Juneau. You will be known as the "Shepherd of the Alaskan Highway". This highway is about 50 miles long and the last report I had gave 500 people living along it.

We have a little chapel located near Auk Lake which will also be under your supervision. It seems to me that this affords you a wonderful opportunity of service. In time to come you ought to be able to build a beautiful, rustic chapel here on this spot.

You will have temporary living quarters in a little house near-by the present chapel. We are going to make your salary on the basis of $1,200 a year with $300 travel allowance.

It will be necessary for you to have an automobile. I suggest you trade your old car for a good second-hand one. After October 1 we will give you $150 as a gift. Then we could advance you $300 and deduct $25 monthly from your salary. This would give you a trade-in allowance of $450 plus your old car. You ought to be able to pick up a pretty good piece of machinery for that.

I can not tell you the exact time you will sail from Seattle. It will be the first part of October. You ought to get your car and be ready upon short notice. Of course you will be expected to drive your car out to Seattle.

Cordially yours,

EBK:DH

ALASKA

Hansen, Nebraska,
Sept. 6, 1940.

Dr. Everett B. King,
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Dr. King:

Yours of Sept. 4 is just received. I sent you an Air letter yesterday P. M. which you may already have. Please throw that letter into the waste basket and give it no consideration. This letter of yours contains the real business.

I am delighted to know that my field of work has been decided upon. And I am so well pleased with the type of work which will be very similiar to the work I used to do and loved so well. And I am well satisfied with the plans and the arrangements you are working out for me. I will at once begin looking for a good second-hand automobile and get my things ready for a quick get-a-way when the time comes.

"Shepherd of the Alaskan Highway" has a fine sounding ring and I like it. But in it there is a note of great responsibility, and so I humbly and earnestly ask God to, through His grace and spirit, enable me to be worthy of that title.

I do not want to burden you with questions but I would like to know what my P.O. address will be? and please give me the name and address of the Chairman of the National Mission Committee of Alaska Presbytery, also the names of some Christian workers or contact persons on the field to which I am going.

I most heartily thank you for your letter, Dr. King. Now I have a definite goal for which to plan and work.

Kindest regards to you and Mrs. King.

Very sincerely,

Willard E. Barrows

Hansen, Nebr.

P.S. Will there be a stove or any other furniture in the little house near-by the chapel near Anchorage where my living quarters will be?

W. E. B.

ALASKA

September 9, 1940

Mr. Willard E. Barrows
Hansen, Nebraska

Dear Uncle Bill:

Your Post Office address will be Juneau, Alaska. I suppose there will be a route, but I do not know that number.

The Chairman of National Missions Committee of Alaska Presbytery is Mr. Leslie Yaw, Sitka, Alaska, He is Superintendent of Sheldon Jackson School and a very fine and able layman.

Rev. John A. Glasse is pastor of the Northern Lights Presbyterian Church in Juneau, our only self-supporting church in the whole territory. Mr. Glasse built the little chapel and organized the work. He has been temporarily supplying the need, so of course you will find in him a most valuable friend.

The little cabin has all the necessary furniture in it for your needs. The cabin belongs to Mr. Glasse and I am quite sure he will be perfectly willing for you to use it as your humble abode.

I am in touch with a certain church trying to get them to adopt you as their Sunday School missionary in Alaska. I have not yet received any definite reply. I hope this may work out.

Cordially yours,

EBK:DH

Presbyterian Sunday School Missions

Juneau, Alaska,
Nov. 7, 1940.

Rev. Everett B. King,
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Dr. King:

Your kind letter received yesterday reminded me of my neglect. Really I have been so busy getting the cabin fixed up for winter, becoming acquainted with my people, and getting started with the work on this new field that I have little time for writing letters - except to my Mother.

Now I hasten to let you know that I arrived safely. I am delighted with the country, I love the people and I love the work. Never, in any place, have I received such a welcome as these people are giving me. Several have told me that this community has been longing and praying for a minister to come and live among tham. And they have accepted me most graciously. They tell me that they were discouraged and both work and interest decreased greatly during the summer. But the faithful few have rallied loyally.

Three of the leading women very kindly volunteered to spend an afternoon with me calling on those who have been interested, and those who should be interested in the Christian work in this community. The result is very encouraging. We were able to start a new young peoples Sunday school class last Sunday for me to teach. As there is so little room in the Chapel I brought them down to my cabin for the Class period. Other young people have promised to come.

As it looks to me., this is a growing community with a great future. New homes are being built, new families are coming in, and improvements are being made at almost every home. I have not yet been to Tee Harbor and Eagle River, but want to get up that part of the Highway soon.

This evening the Sunday school officers, teachers and workers will meet here at my cabin for a business meeting and conference. I will write more with my Monthly Report.

Yours very sincerely,

Willard E. Barrows.
Box 2548, Juneau
Alaska.

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Rev. C. L. Morton, Guernsey

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date December 16, 1940.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

Nothing very exciting has happened during the month. We have not yet succeeded in getting the young men to attend the Sunday School regularly. But they are doing better and we are exercising patience. However, the attendance at Sunday School and also at the worship service is steadily increasing; and, too, the Chapeladies (the women's organization that takes the place of Missionary Society and Ladies Aid conbined) have enrolled several new members. So, taken as a whole, the work shows evidence of a new healthy growth. which is very encouraging.

I have done quite a little work around the Chapel and the cabin "manse". And there is more work yet to be done. A rotten board in the cabin floor gave way Saturday evening. Now that must be repaired and a few other things done. The days are getting so very short, but the month has slipped by so rapidly and Christmas was swooping down on us before I realized what was happening. And I thank you so much for that cheery Christmas greeting folder from you and the office help. It certainly was appreciated.

As so many men in this community are working in the Gold Mine at Juneau, they decided it was best, for the present at least, not to try to hold Worship service in the morning but in the evening when more can attend. So now Sunday mornings I drive down Fritz Cove road and gather from seven to eleven children for Sunday School, and take them home afterwards. But for this ride most of the children would have to walk, and some are too young to walk that distance.

We are planning to start the New Year with a short Children's Service at the closing part of the Sunday School. I hope that it works out satisfactorily.

Presbyterian Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO ANNUAL REPORT 1940

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary.

Juneau, Alaska, January 15,1941.

As the mission work along this Highway centers at the Chapel-by-the-Lake, situated about twelve miles northwest of Juneau, on the bank of the beautiful, placid Auk Lake; and where the Fritz Cove road leaves the highway to run down along the south shore of Auk Bay, I have, so far, devoted most of my time around here getting acquainted and strengthening this center base.

Not many families live along the upper part of the highway during the winter. In the spring they will be returning to their summer homes, and then I will try get the people together into a Sunday School or a service (or both) at Tee Harbor and at Eagle River. Possibly other points may be developed.

There will also be families returning to their summer homes around the shore of Auk Bay and along the Loop road, as well as along the highway. The summer with its longer days will be my busiest season.

I have done quite a good deal of work in and around the cabin to make it more habitable and comfortable. The Chapel also has received some attention and cleaning.

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TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date Juneau, Alaska, Jan. 15, 1941.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

The Christmas program given by the Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday School was a very successful affair. The children did their parts with credit to the church as well as to themselves. The true Christmas spirit was shown throughout the activities of the evening. The room was packed and everybody enjoyed the program. Folks said that it was the largest crowd ever gathered at the little Chapel.

Since Christmas there has been a cold and flu epidemic which has kept kept people in their homes pretty close. For nearly a week I was one of the victims. But I took good care of myself and now I am feeling quite all right again.

I feel that I have now won the confidence of Minnie Field and that I will soon have the opportunity of talking to her Children and even holding a service in her school room. And this makes me very happy. About seven miles from here beyond Auk Bay, on the shore of Lynn Canal she has a Home for homeless and unfortunate native and white children. She started and ran this Home and School as a private institution. But now, I think, the Teritorial Bureau of Education is rendering some financial help. She is doing a great and noble work, and now has over twenty children under her care. Each Sunday she has a Sunday School using using our Presbyterian literature - thanks to the Rev. John A. Glasse, and has daily devotions with the children taking part. The other evening she asked me to stay for their evening devotions. I stayed. They sang songs, repeated passages of Scripture and several prayers. Then I was asked to offer a prayer. I had a hearty invitation to come frequently. So I am glad that the Shepherd of the Alaskan Highway can now minister, even in a small way, to the Master's lambs in this little fold.

MAIL—January—April—July—October to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date January 15, 1941.

NOTE—This quarterly news letter is to be written in addition to all other reports. Do not use this letter for daily narrative. Use it for reporting the outstanding experience or experiences during the past three months.

As it has only been three months since I stepped off the boat at Juneau this letter can not tell of many things "accomplished". But I will briefly state that I am living in the garage-cabin close to the Chapel-by-the-Lake. And so far I have been very comfortable. Six degrees above zero is the coldest weather we have had; and there is very little wind here around Auk Lake.

I found here an intelligent, good hearted class of people who gave me a very cordial reception. The faithful few welcomed me gladly, as they had been praying that the Board of National Missions would send them a minister to live among, and to be one of them. However, most of the people here are indifferent and careless toward religious services in the community. A Shepherd should lead his flock and not try to drive by fear or force. So with the faithful few I have begun my work here in a small way. Regular Worship services have been instituted in the Chapel, the Sunday School workers are encouraged and strengthened. And the work is showing new life and interest, and although it is still very weak it is also very encouraging. A Cradle Roll has been started, also a Young People's Class which meets in my cabin. One S.S. Worker's Meeting has been held, and another had to be postponed on account of the flu epidemic. But from now on I think the Worker's Council will meet monthly.

There are quite a number of Catholics living on my field, and also a few Seventh Day people. And nearly all the men work either at the Alaska-Juneau Gold Mine, or at some other business in Juneau. Therefore we can not expect a large attendance at the Chapel services. So my greatest service, I believe, is visitation in the homes. In some homes the people have been very shy of the Shepherd of the Alaskan Highway, but are becoming more acquainted and friendly. And, as a result, interest in services at the Chapel and in the Sunday School is growing.

Work seems to be starting slowly, but I feel that it is on a good foundation. And relying upon God for wisdom, guidance, and strength, I hope to send you a better report in April.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows. Sunday School Missionary

Date February 15, 1941.

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The expense account seems to be pretty high this month. However, I think that I now have my car pretty well cleaned from the Hallowe'en pranks. During that night the cap of the gas tank of my car was taken (it was not a lock cap), and I am quite sure now that water was put into the gasoline tank.

The coldest weather we have had this winter was during the past month. The roads have been very icy and at times were very dangerous to travel upon. But now the weather is more mild and the days are growing so much longer. Spring is on its way here and the even the people are beginning to feel it.

Although the attendance at Sunday School and the Chapel services have not increased very much, I have noticed an increased interest among those who attend most regularly. In my Sunday School Class I am having the young people use Bibles. I have them find and read passages pertaining to the Lesson thought, and I find that it is awakening an interest in Bible study, and is also teaching them how to use their Bibles.

And a few times lately, when the attendance at Chapel service was small, I have quietly turned the service into a class in which the people had the opportunity to make comments on the subject thought, ask questions, or repeat favorite Bible passages. And I find that they like it, and we all receive greater blessings from the service.

We are already planning for a Vacation Bible School here at the Chapel-by-the-Lake, and Minnie Field said that she wanted me to conduct one there at Minfield School also. So, little by little, we see that the work is progressing, and so we thank God and take courage.

A community meeting was held last evening to organize "The Auk Bay Improvement Club", and your S.S. Missionary was appointed on the Committee to frame the Constitution and By-Laws. In time they want to secure a school, water system, electric lights and power, better roads, etc., which shows that this community is growing and developing.

P.S. Please send me more blanks for Monthly Reports and also blanks for Supplement to Monthly Reports! Thanks W.E.B.

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SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date March 15, 1941.

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"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of go by.
The men who are good, and the men who are bad:
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

So runs the poem by Sam Walter Foss. And it is a house by the side of the road in which your Sunday School Missionary lives, and he tries to be a friend to man; to the people passing by his door who are as good and as bad as he. Many stop for a little chat or to pass the time of day. Thus, many are the opportunities for the shepherd of the Alaskan highway to get acquainted with the people and invite them to the services in the little Chapel-by-the-Lake. And he has been a real friend to some who were in need. The boys stop in as they come to the little Chapel for Scout meeting: and in this little house by the side of the road the Young Peoples Sunday School Class holds its sessions.

The other day as the Sunday School Missionary was working on his sermon or Bible talk for the following Sunday evening, he heard voices, and glancing out the window saw five boys walking by. He recognized the boys and knew they were from the Winfield Home, about six miles up the highway around Auk Bay on Lena Beach. So he stepped to the door and talked with them. They had been to Juneau for some things and were returning home. They looked tired and the Missionary thought of those last six weary miles they would have to walk. So he remembered that he wanted to see Miss Minnie Field about the next Quarter's Sunday School supplies, and told the boys to wait a minute while he put on his coat and he would take them home in his car. They talked of many things as they rode along, and the Missionary learned that the red bushes that lined the highway in many places and extended back into the forest bore blue berries. Thus another happy contact was made. The boys were pleased with the ride, Miss Field was so grateful, and the Missionary received a joyful blessing.

As the Rev. Walter Soboleff, minister of the Memorial Presbyterian (Native) Church of Juneau, was away on a missionary trip to other Native Churches that were not supplied ~~WIX~~ by ordained ministers, your S.S.Miss'y. at the request of Mr. Soboleff, conducted a funeral service, and also supplied for him at one Sunday service. He was glad to render any little help to Walter, and for which he received blessings.

The Chapeladies served a Baked Bean Dinner in the Chapel the evening of March 8th which proved to be a very successful affair. After the dinner a program was given. It consisted of instrument music, group singing, and contest questions. Everybody had a good time and many expressed a desire for more such gatherings, which this community has lacked.

Last Sunday evening was rainy and sloppy. Many people had colds and only four came out for service. The minister made the service very informal, conducting it more like a Bible Class, which pleased the people. And after the service was closed the people lingered; and for nearly the whole congregation and the minister stood round the organ singing the good old Gospel Hymns and making melody in their hearts. Only a few there; but the Lord blessed those few and it was a happy service.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." That passage came to your Sunday School Missionary one night recently when the Northern Lights were brilliant and very beautiful. He put on his overcoat and for a long time stood out on the hill side watching the everchanging beauty of God's handiwork. He called it "The Frolic of the Rainbows" as the streamers of light and colors assended higher and higher into the heavens; and finally at the center overhead they met, forming a great and glorious dome,under which the Missionary stood, and with bowed head he thanked God for revealing to man this grandeur which is only a foretaste of the things that God has prepared for those that love Him.

Your S.S. Missionary is planning to attend the Stated Spring Meeting of Presbytery at Haines the latter part of the month.

MAIL—January—April—July—October to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date April 15, 1941.

NOTE—This quarterly news letter is to be written in addition to all other reports. Do not use this letter for daily narrative. Use it for reporting the outstanding experience or experiences during the past three months.

The days were very short at the beginning of the Quarter and now, with the long twilights, several hours have been added to the length of the days, giving more daylight time for work.

There are many Roman Catholics along the Glacier Highway but I do not shun them. I call in their homes and find that some of them are really glad to have the "shepherd of the highway" visit them. One day before Christmas I took a neighbor woman with Christmas cheer of oranges, jellies, home-made candies and cookies, and some toys to an isolated family out near the end of the highway. I told them that in the summer I wanted to hold an occasional service somewhere near there and perhaps we could have a little Sunday school. After that visit I received a letter from the Mother saying that they were Catholics and so the boys could not attend any of my meetings. In January this woman went to the hospital for an operation and was in the hospital several weeks. Since she has been home I have called on the family again. They seemed glad to see me, and as I was leaving they urged me to come again. Now I feel that, though they would not attend any of my services, I have a welcome in their home. And after all is it not in the home where the most good can be done?

Not long ago I was in another home not so far from here. As I had heard that the man was a Catholic I gave the Mother some Sunday school lesson cards and papers with bright pictures on the front, saying that she could tell the stories to the little girls. As she took the things she exclamed, "Why, these look like what we used to have in our Sunday school!" Then looking up at me she said, "I thought you were a Presbyterian and the Sunday school Presbyterian: that is why I can not send my girls there. My husband is a Catholic and I am a Lutheran and I don't want my children to get mixed up in any more religions." I saw that she was somewhat confused in regard to the denominations and so I tried to make it clear to her that there is only one Gospel and only one way to obtain eternal life - by accepting Jesus Christ as a personal Savior -

and that the Presbyterians are trying to teach, perhaps in a little different way, the same Gospel her Church taught. And that all Christians in whatever denomonation, should be united under the Standard of Christ as the citizens of the United States are united under one flag. That was a new thought to her, for she said that she thought that each denomonation had a different religion. She was eager to learn more, and asked if they could come to our Sunday school and services as visitors and not have to join the Church? She seemed pleased with my answer, and I gave her a Home Department Quarterly to study that she might see that the Presbyterian Church teaches the same Christ that her Church teaches.

There does not seem to be much news or important experiences to relate that have not already been mentioned in my Monthly Reports. But I am glad to repeat that I did enjoy the Meeting of Presbytery and the splendid fellowship of the delegates there: and add that I was recommend for renewal of my Commission for another year.

Please inform me as to the procedure of organizing a Church. Is there a specially prepared form to use petitioning Presbytery to organize a Church? Is a certain number of Charter Members required to organize a Church? Any information regarding the organization of a Church will be gratefully received, as I do not find much help from the books that I have. This may not be the opportune time for organizing here but I want the knowledge and be ready for that time.

I am inclosing a few kodak snaps for which I am making no charge as I desire to keep the negatives.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett R. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard P. Parrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date April 15, 1941.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

Spring is here. The sun is daily mounting higher, the days are growing longer with long twilights at both ends, and the fishing season on the deep seas has now begun. Although the mountains are still covered with deep snow and fresh snow falling nearly every day, and the glaciers are majestic and blue in their solid cold; yet on the islands and along the narrow strip on the mainland between the mountains and the Pacific waters, the birds are singing, buds bursting, flowers blooming, gardens are being planted and all nature is radiant in declaring God's glory and His loving care. O that we humans would be as happy and sincere in praising God for His care and loving blessings. Then would the world rejoice in Christian love and Christian fellowship.

I am happy that I can report signs of new life and a new interest among these people in spiritual things and things pertaining to God's Kingdom. Without a word of objection the Chapel-dies who are working in the Sunday school agreed to conduct the Sunday evening Chapel service when I was at Haines attending the Stated Spring Meeting of Presbytery. And a very good service it was, so I am told.

To me it was a blessed thing to attend the Meeting of Presbytery and become acquainted with some of the Christian workers in this part of Alaska. The natives are interesting and seem so sincere and happy in their Christian life and work. We had spiritual meetings and fine Christian fellowship, and it was good for me to have been there. I gave a brief report of the work and condition of my field, had charge of the book table, taught a class of native boys in the Sunday school, and was one of the speakers at the last session Sunday night.

You can imagine, Mr. King, how I enjoyed seeing Paul Prouty. The S.S. Yukon was docked at Juneau from 9:40 P.M. April 11 to 8:30 the next morning. I took Paul to the Memorial Presbyterian Church where Walter Soboleff introduced him to a group of natives. As the Rev. Walter Soboleff is the leading Christian worker among the natives in this Presbytery, he and Paul will have have much in common and will be co-laborers. And I

think Paul will work with the natives wholeheartedly and will win their friendship and esteem.

I brought Paul out here to the cabin and with a flashlight showed him the Chapel-by-the-Lake. We had a midnight lunch and a fine, though short, visit.

The Chapel-dies are planning to serve another dinner soon to raise money to send two delegates to the Young People's Summer Conference. Some flowers have already been planted around the Chapel. We hope to make it more beautiful and attractive.

Our Easter program-service was conducted by the Sunday school and was held in the afternoon. Although it was raining the little Chapel-by-the-Lake was packed. Two babies were baptized; the Rev. John A. Glasse very kindly came out to officiate.

April 23, 1941

Rev. W. E. Barrows
Box 2863
Juneau, Alaska

Dear Uncle Bill:

I note in your quarterly news letter of April 15th that you make inquiry about the procedure for organizing a church. I trust that you are not thinking at present of trying to organize the church at Auk Lake. I am quite sure that the time is not ripe for that. When a church is organized it is a very simple process. A petition is presented to the Presbytery signed by the people, requesting the organization. The Presbytery then takes action and the church is duly organized. There is no requirement for a certain number of charter members. It is simply a prepared petition with signatures.

Thank you for the beautiful snaps that you sent me about the work.

Cordially yours,

EBK:B

ALASKA

ALASKA

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett R. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard F. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date May 15, 1941.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

Dear Dr. King:

Before you get this you will know the Report was delayed because both Rev. Glasse and Rev. Bromley were away, and therefore my report could not be approved or disapproved until Rev. Glasse returned.

There seems to be little news or special developements to report this month; but I do want to tell you how I enjoy the Wednesday Devotional hour. It gives such a feeling of unity and strength to know that in the New York office and from Alaska to Porto Rico people are pouring out praise and thanksgiving to God for blessings received, and praying for each and every one that strength, wisdom, and grace may be given to carry on this great work of love for God and humanity. It is a privilege and an inspiration to be a member of such a group.

The fishing season is here and some people have gone away for the summer. Some have moved away to stay, and some new people have come into the community, while others have moved from Juneau to their country homes fro the summer.

Everybody is busy. And many, I am sorry to say, think they are too busy to come out to the Lord's house or to thank God for His wonderful blessings and mercies. Some flowers have been planted around the Chapel-by-the-Lake; and the Chapeladies served another dinner to raise money of which one-half was put into the Sunday School treasury.

When Miss Rachel Benfer was in Juneau, on her trip through southeastern Alaska, I was glad to meet her and of the opportunity of taking her with Rev. and Mrs. Walter Soboleff out the highway.

The most distressing thing I have found here is a lack of interest in so many people in Christianity or even in living noble, honest lives.

Re: Barrows
Admiralty

NORTHERN LIGHT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

REV. JOHN A. GLASSE, MINISTER

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Portland, Oregon
May 22, 1941

Dr. Everett B. King,
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York City,

Dear Doctor King:

It is with much reluctance that I write this letter about Mr Barrows and the work at "Chapel by the Lake"; but I did not put four years into the field just to see it fold up, then too Dr James Thomson feels that I owe it to you to write you, and from what I have from Juneau since Miss Beasley was there I think you might wish to place this letter beside her re-

There has not been the slightest friction between Mr Barrows and myself, nor between him and [illegible] from anything that I have ever heard. We have always made him welcome in our home, and to the "Parlor" meetings of the men at the church. The Chapel people received him well, and were very gracious at Christmas time since they greatly appreciate your kindness in sending them a man, whose salary they do not pay, of course they would not be the kind of people to complain, but the fact of the matter is that he has failed to get things done that should have been done easily with a man on the field, and he has not gotten any considerable number of new people into the work, even though he has made much of "Not being a minister but just one with the people." You can't make that work go with only a slogan like that and a frequent telling of emotional stories about Montana.

I have signed the reports monthly at your request feeling that you wanted me to keep a check on things and to give you a report of my own as might be needed.

[illegible] Love his letter telling about the Easter dinner.
I read that the little Lapsley [illegible] counted. Just a
[illegible] a special day of service and three visits to [illegible]
ment - especially educts; and such additional Children
were present would Mostly have been there anyway.
The Treasurer reports show many "families visited," and
I omit the impression that these are different homes
[illegible] of a comparatively few visited frequently. The
"Auto Trouble" show all too many trips into Juneau,
and daily mileage entries hard to square with conditions.
Check the "Car Expense" slips, especially as to the Clutch,
and decide whether most men wouldn't have changed
Jungos, or else gotten rid of that old Chevrolet with
Dick someone struck him in the states. I sure would.
For a long time I figured that Mr Barrows made so
many trips into Juneau because Homesick, which might
be natural for a man of his age with a Mother living,
& himself living alone. I made all due allowance
for car trouble, and the natural desire to go some
place apart from one's job. But I have come to believe
that he just doesn't like work, and that they may
[illegible] might as well say that it was his wife who used to do
the work that gave him standing as a Missionary. I
see in the Juneau newspaper Church notices that
Presbyterian Sunday School Mission" now leads the Chapel
notices, which is sure to do Harm without doing good!
May the good Lord forgive me if I am wronging a
fellow-worker, but I have written only at long last
because of all that is at stake. For example, because
of his long friendship with Mr Barrows, Mr Brady
may be considerably embarrassed in his own work if
he decides what I have pictured, and believe me, the
truth will be if he doesn't! I have written you in
strictest confidence, and you may disregard this if you
choose, but I do trust that you may be able ere long
to unselfish your aim and "exchange Mr Barrows for a
husband and wife" - the latter also being needed at that field.
[illegible] With [illegible] and wishes [illegible] yours, Sincerely

June 4, 1941

Mr. Willard E. Barrows
Box 2865
Juneau, Alaska

Dear Uncle Bill:

I have your expense account and note the additional bill that you have sent in for repairs on your car. I am beginning to wonder whether or not you did a good job of buying a secondhand automobile. I suggest that you make a careful inspection of your car and see whether or not you feel that it is going to stand up under the wear and tear. It will be impossible for us to continue to keep paying large repair bills for this car.

I have also checked your monthly report and am not satisfied with the number of visits that you are making to the families. I find that you have not made more than six visits in any one day and that number was made only one day during the month. The other days you made only four, three, two or one visits in the homes. I feel that you are falling down on the job and that you ought to report a considerably larger number of visits. I cannot see why you could not devote several afternoons during the week together with parts of the evenings for these visitations. It seems to me that you ought to make easily from six to ten and perhaps more, visits in a day. I am going to ask you, therefore, to give more time to these visits. My opinion is that that is the very heart of the success of your work.

Cordially yours,

LBK:B

ALASKA

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date June 16, 1941.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

Every year since the Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday School was started it has closed for the summer months, which is a very busy season in Alaska. But this year I am trying to keep the Sunday School going through the summer vacation period. There are several parents that want the Sunday School to cinue, and at least two mothers are willing to assist me as much as they can. The Superintendent said that she can not attend this summer and announced that I would have charge of the School. The organist also will not be here regularly - but if need be we can learn to sing without the organ. Of course the attendance will be very small and very irregular. Yesterday the attendance was twelve, but I think it will often be more than that. I am so glad that even a few do not want the Sunday School to close for the summer. And the interest some of the little folks are taking is also encouraging.

I have tried to arrange for a Vacation Bible School, but so far I have failed. It seems as though we can not have one - at least this year. Therefore I plan to work into the opening and closing exercises of the Sunday School Bible memorizing, Bible drills and Bible stories. I have already started doing this and I think the older people are as much interested as the younger children.

Two girls from our Sunday School attened the Young People's Conference at Sitka. The S.S. paid the expenses of one of the girls. It was the first time either of the girls had attended such a Conference and they both were very much interested and impressed. They are to give their reports next Sunday.

Last week the Cub Boy Scouts, with their Leader, went on a hike and to camp over night about two miles from the end of the Highway at Eagle River. By special invitation I went with them, and I guess that I enjoyed the fun as much as they. It was an opportunity to become better acquainted with the boys and to be one with them. I conducted the Vesper

service, cut boughs for their beds, and gathered stones and shells with them on the beach. As a result two of the older boys who thought they were too big to attend Sunday School returned to Sunday School yesterday. And just a few minutes ago one of the boys stopped here at the cabin to enquire about the S.S. lesson for next Sunday. So little by little I see signs of life from the seeds that have been sowed.

The National Defense program as well as the fishing season is making many changes in all parts of Alaska, as in other places. Several families have moved from this community which has reduced the attendance at the Chapel S.S. and Worship services.

The Volunteer Red Cross Training Class of the community are now meeting Wednesday evenings in the Chapel-by-the-Lake for instruction. Thus more and more the Chapel is being recognized as the Community center for helping, uplifting and bettering mankind.

Presbyterian Sunday School Missions

Box 2863, Juneau, Alaska,

July 9, 1941.

Rev. Everett R. King,
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Dr. King:

Your two letters are before me. In them you desire an appraisal of my work, the number of visits made, attendance at the services, and what I have been able to accomplish thus far.

When I arrived on the field last October there had been no Worship service in the Chapel-by-the-Lake since early in the spring. The Sunday School had been closed during the summer and had just been started for the winter. During the winter the interest seemed to be growing. The attendance at Sunday School almost doubled- the membership grew to thirty-seven. For the attendance at Worship service I can not so much. I think, with the exception of Christmas and Easter, the most that attended any one service were eighteen. A certain few were very faithful, and this gave me hopes that the Worship service could be maintained regularly during the summer even though only a few attended.

But as spring advanced the attendance dwindled. Clearing and improving the homesteads (homesites is the word I should have used), gardening, fishing, and other things claimed the interest of the people until one Sunday evening my "congregation" consisted of just one person. And the next Sunday evening company prevented that one person from attending service. So, after consulting the interested families, it was decided to discontinue the Sunday evening services until the rush of the busy season is past. The National Defense have taken some of the men and some have moved away. Others are either too busy or too tired to come out to a service, even though company does not stop them.

Just now during the busy part of the summer the situation looks discouraging. The Chapeladies (Ladies Aid) are not meeting, and the Leader of the Cub Scouts is trying to have the boys meet every other week. So far he has had fair success. As yet I have not been able to have a Vacation Bible School. The ladies that can handle the music and have charge of the little children are just too busy to co-operate, for a while at least. However, I am happy to say that I am keeping the Sunday School going. I am janitor, gather the children on Fritz Cove Road and take them home: superintend the Sunday School, teach a class, and in the closing exercise I give the children Bible memory work or drill, a Habit Talk or a short sermonette. The attendance is small and will be quite irregular. But I have not given up hopes of having at least a short Vacation Bible School.

Regarding the number of "visits" that I have made I hardly know what to say. I have reported 537 visits, but have made more contacts than that. When I go to a home and nobody answers

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Rev. Wm. B. MacCready, Spring City
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Rev. J. L. Cleveland, Box 343, Wills Point
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Rev. J. N. Carnine, Laramie
Rev. C. L. Morton, Guernsey

my knock - that is not a visit, only an attempt, and I can not report it. Several I have found the man sleeping (perhaps he was on the night shift at the Gold Mine) or very busy preparing to go to work. I see that I have called at a wrong time and therefore leave, saying that I will call at a more convenient time. Although I had made a contact with that family I feel that it was not a "visit" and so do not report it. The other evening Rev. Walter Soboleff came out here on the bus, then I took him in my car to the north end of Tee Harbor where some of his Church people had a fishing camp. I was in four homes with Walter but did not say much as most of the conversation was in Thlinget. Walter gathered the people into one of the homes and we had a prayermeeting. I was asked to say a few words. Walter interpreted my little talk to the Indians. I marked that down as an "address", but marked only one "visit" for that evening's trip. I felt that I had greatly helped Walter to visit his people and to hold the prayermeeting (and I am always spiritually strengthened and blest by being with Walter), but felt that I could not justly call being in those four native homes "visits" in my report. I was just helping Walter on that night as on two other evenings also. Should I have reported being in those homes "visits" in my report? Often contacts are made that are really helpful that I do not mark down as visits. For instance, one day last week I had some Sunday School papers that I wanted to leave at a certain home. I found the mother and children gone and the father just ready to leave. He said that he was sorry the family were gone, thanked me for the papers and asked me to call again. I did not report that call but should I have done so?

I am not satisfied and feel that I have not accomplished as much as I should. I find that this is a great work, and also that my strength has not grown with advancing years. Heartily do I agree with you that the most important part of my work is visitations in the homes. And with the help of God I will try to be more faithful and work more earnestly along that line.

Yours very sincerely,

Willard E. Parsons

Sunday School Missionaries of the Board of National Missions

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Miss Ruth Solomon, 210 E. Hobbs St., Athens
Rev. Leroy R. Taylor, 1215 Lapsley St., Selma (Colored)
Miss Angie E. Turner, Linden Academy, Linden (Colored)

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Rev. R. R. Marquis, 929 North 3rd Ave., Tucson

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Mr. J. C. Griggs, Box 235, Newnan

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Rev. Harvey M. Smith, Buckhorn
Rev. Allan F. Vinton, Pikeville
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Rev. Van Horn Murray, Box 246, R. F. D. 3, West Point (Col.)

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Rev. Hugh F. Ash, Patterson

MONTANA
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Rev. A. G. Shriver, 702 W. Musser St., Carson City

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Rev. Wm. Graler, 422 Montgomery St., Albany

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Mr. Alberto Martinez, Box 1132, Mayaguez

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Miss B. L. Sands, Rt. #1, Box 252, Charleston
Rev. P. A. Patterson, Box 7, Walterboro
Mr. A. A. Thompson, 204 Rudisal St., Spartanburg
Rev. Eugene Adair, 1 Balley St., Chester

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Rev. Curtis P. Winkle, P. O. Box No. 1547, Rapid City

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Rev. F. R. Watt, Maryville
Rev. Wm. B. MacCready, Spring City
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Mr. H. R. Pinkney, 794 Williams Ave., Memphis (Colored)

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Rev. L. R. Hogan, Lewisville
Rev. J. L. Cleveland, Box 343, Wills Point
Rev. Clarence N. Wylie, 1910 - 7th Ave., Canyon
Rev. J. L. Glenn, Winters

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Rev. Donald G. Christiansen, 315 North G. St., Tacoma

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Rev. Louis E. Black, 409 - 16th St., Parkersburg
Rev. E. V. Black, Elizabeth
Miss Eleanor Thornton, Elizabeth

WISCONSIN
Rev. Nicola Santella, 1816 Main St., Eau Claire

WYOMING
Rev. Stanley T. Evans, Box 527, Basin
Rev. E. L. Holsinger, Gillette
Rev. J. N. Carnine, Laramie
Rev. C. L. Morton, Guernsey

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett R. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard F. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date July 15, 1941.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

We tried to keep the Sunday evening Chapel services going during the summer but the fishing season is on. So the fishing, gardens, and other things are consuming the time and interests of the people and they decided to postpone the evening services until the rush season is over. I am very sorry that this has to be done but it seems that we can not do otherwise - at least this summer. However, I am glad to report that the Sunday School is kept going. It has always closed for the summer before.

Three times I have taken Rev. Walter Soboleff to Tee Harbor where a few of his people had a fishing camp, and these he could get together in a hut for an informal but sincere prayermeeting. Just now the Natives have left that camp but expect to return for a while later in the summer.

One night I was awakened by a rapping on my cabin door. I found four Natives who had come into Auk Bay from a cannery and wanted to get into Juneau. It was in the middle of the night but I dressed and took them in my car to Juneau. As I did not charge them for my service they gave me a dollar for the mission work, which I was glad to accept.

On July Fourth I took Rev. Walter and Mrs. Soboleff and two other people up the highway for a picnic dinner and a little outing for the day. We had a wonderfully fine time, but as we were on a holiday picnic I could not report any "visits" or charge any expense of that trip to the Board.

Some needed improvements to the buildings and walks at the Winfield Home this summer. Yet with all the busy work Sunday is a day of rest there and Miss Minnie Field has her little Sunday School session every Sunday.

August 9, 1941

Airmail

Mr. Willard E. Barrows
Box 2865
Juneau, Alaska

Dear Uncle Bill:

I have your letter of July 9 in which you give an appraisal of your work at the Chapel-by-the-Lake. I think you have given a very clear statement of the work.

It would be my opinion that you should count the visits you make even though you do not get the results. You have at least made the effort and that should enter into the picture.

I am leaving Seattle Sunday, August 17, on the Clipper headed for Fairbanks. I shall be in Juneau for a little while Sunday afternoon. Maybe you can drive in and see me. September 9 and 10 I shall also spend a day or two in Juneau and shall look forward to seeing you.

Cordially yours,

EBK:DDH

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barlows, Sunday School Missionary

Date August 15, 1941.

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This month has slipped by so rapidly! It is hard to realize that the summer will soon be gone.

Although the attendance has been small and irregular we have kept the Sunday School in the Chapel-by-the-Lake going. A session was held every Sunday at the usual hour. And I am planning to resume the evening Worship service the first Sunday in September.

The Rev. Walter Soboleff is now taking his vacation and has gone to Sitka to work on the Princeton-Hall, and I am supplying for him for the Sunday evening worship service in the Memorial Church in Juneau. Also I am substituting for him in broadcasting "A QUARTER HOUR MEDITATION" Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M. over KINY, Juneau, Alaska, dedicated to to the fishermen and cannery workers, and all those who are not able to attend Divine Worship services. KINY very kindly granted Walter Soboleff those fifteen minutes each Tuesday nights through July and August free for his little service.

I have handed out most of those "Welcome to Alaska" leaflets sent me by the Board. I was glad to assist Rev. David Waggoner with my car in Juneau during the three busy hours his boat was docked. Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Bayless, of the American Bible Society, Rev. Raul Sheldon Johnson, of the Presbytery of Chicago, Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Benjamin of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.: several of the faculty of the Sheldon Jackson School were through Juneau on other boats. These and some other interested parties I brought out to the Chapel-by-the-Lake and Mendenhall Glacier. And I greatly enjoyed the strengthening and helpful visit of Raul Prouty the few days he had to wait in Juneau for his boat to Sitka.

Though I was disappointed in not being able to continue regular Worship services at the Chapel through the summer, yet I feel that this past month has been a profitable one.

ALASKA

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett R. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date Sept. 15, 1941.

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According to my figures the twenty-five dollars deducted from this month's (September) salary check pays the balance of my debt to the Board of National Missions for the three hundred dollars ($300,00) loaned to me for the purchas of an auto. Is that correct?

I do thank the Board sincerely, and Dr. King especially, for your benevolent kindness and patience. In all your dealings you have been just and fair. May God richly bless you in your great work of spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It gives me joy to report that the Sunday evening Worship service is again being held in The Chapel-by-the-Lake. During the busy summer the people were more or less scattered. Some were out on the waters fishing, others were working in their gardens, picking berries, improving their little homes, entertaining company, and picnicing. They seemed to feel themselves too busy to assemble in the Lord's house on the Lord's Day, to reverently praise and thank Him for His mercies and blessings.

But the spirit and interest shown in the revival of the worship service is encouraging. The Cub Scouts held their first meeting after the summer's vacation last Friday evening. And the Chapeladies will hold their first meeting since May tomorrow evening, and will elect officers for the ensuing year. Yes, I was discouraged during the summer, for it seemed to me that most of the people had deserted the Lord and did not care. However, much to the surprise of many, and thanks to the Spirit of God working in the hearts of a faithful few, the little Bible School in the Chapel-by-the-Lake held its session every Sunday morning during the summer. Now the outlook is brighter.

In my visits I am giving out the magazine "Today", and encourage the people to have daily devotions.

During the past month I have been able to render a little help to Rev. Walter ~~Walker~~ Dongleff with services in the Memorial Presbyterian Church, the native church of Juneau. I conducted two Sunday evening

worship services while Walter was on his vacation (We spent his vacation at Sitka working on the missionary motorboat, the Princeton-Hall, which is being built there.); and since his return from Sitka, I have conducted two Sunday morning Worship services for Walter so he could ~~MMMMM~~ preach in the Northern Lights Church, as they have not yet secured a Pastor.

Also it was my pleasure to conduct, in Walter's absence, "A QUARTER HOUR OF MEDITATION" over Radio Station KINY, Juneau, Alaska, which Walter had dedicated to the fishermen, cannery workers, and those who were not able to attend Divine Worship services. Without doubt, during those fifteen minute meditation services I spoke to my largest audiences. Their faces I could not see; and I was glad that they could not see mine, for I tried to show them Jesus through the messages. The messages were of vast greater importance than the messenger.

I have had the pleasure of meeting a few members of the Sheldon Jackson School faculty as they were returning from their vacations. I made good use of the opportunity to bring some of them out to see the Chapel-by-the-Lake, the beautiful Auk Lake, and the wonderful glacier.

And Dr. King, it was a pleasure to see you again. Those few minutes at the Juneau air port, and those when your boat was docked in Juneau, were all too short, but they gave me joy and courage. I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing you at Sitka, at the dedication of the Princeton-Hall.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Millard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date October 15, 1941.

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The enclosed pictures, Dr. King, will undoubtedly recall to your mind a very happy and important event. They are not as good as we would like to have them, but when we think of the weather and the adverse conditions under which they had to be taken we know that they might have been worse. In fact those I tried to take inside the building were failures. The lady photographer with the flashlights should have secured some good pictures. I have not seen any she took, but I suppose that you have already received some.

For a week or more I have been pretty much under the weather with a cold in my head and throat. I have stayed in as much as I could to doctor and break up the cold. But I do have to get out some and I find that it is not easy to get rid of a cold in this rainy, wet weather. However, I am better and am improving. There is quite a number of colds and flu cases in the community which has effected the attendance at school as well as in our Sunday School and Chapel services.

There has been several frosts and freezes along the highway, and the mountain tops are covered with fresh snow. And the people living along the highway are busy getting the last of their garden produce safely into the cellars, and things fixed for the coming winter. Several people who have lived here for quite a number of years have told me that they are expecting more snow and colder weather this winter than they have had for several years.

I am still doing the best I can here under the cold epidemic, but can not make definite plans for the winter until I know whether I'll be here or not. Several have told me that if I leave and an other man is sent here, they are afraid that the work here the Chapel-by-the-Lake will die. I tell them that I am working under the Board of National Missions and that I will go whever they think that I can serve the best.

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SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard S. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date November 15, 1941.

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In my expense account for the month I have only reported the repair bills, which is a big item to burn in. The gasoline and oil expense for the month I have paid from my personal funds.

The teachers and officers of the Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday School gave a Hallowe'en party for the children in the Chapel. Appropriate children's games were played, and dainty refreshments were served. Sharon Aimrel was four years old that day. So her Mother made and brought a nice large birthday cake to the party and presented to her little daughter there. It was as much a surprise to Sharon as to the other children. Sharon proudly blew out the candles, and gladly shared her cake with all at the party. Sunday mornings I go down Fritz Cove road and gather the children in my car and bring them to Sunday School. So this evening I went to bring the children to the party, and in passing a car one side of my car was caught in the soft shoulder of the grade and two wheels slid off the end of the corduroy into the small ditch - and there is where it stayed till the next day. I walked to the end of the road and Mr. Rischl kindly brought the children to the party in his car, and took them home after the party. The roads here are narrow and dangerous when wet - and they are wet most of the time.

I am glad you liked the pictures I sent to you. Am sorry the Sitka groups were not better, but to those who were there the pictures will recall to mind the spiritual services, the happy event, and the rich Christian fellowship.

There has been a good deal of colds and sickness throughout the country. A little boy less than a year old died at the Winfield Home with pneumonia. It was an undernourished native child and sick when brought there about two weeks before. Minnie Field had the doctor for the child and was up day and night doing everything for it, but the child did not have the vitality to pull through. It was the first death in the home and Miss Field took it pretty hard.

For the last two Sunday morning I have conducted the worship service in the Northern Light Presbyterian Church of Juneau. But Rev.

Willis M. Heath with his wife and mother-in-law were expected to arrive on the boat from Sitka last night.

I am making steps in the trail leading up to the Chapel. They are not finished yet as I will have to haul gravel for the steps and a few stone for the side.

The Forest Dept. has a crew preparing spots for three garages for my neighbors. I have asked for a spot also for a garage. But as yet I do not know if it will be granted.

Mr. Lynn Forrest was returned from his trip and I have seen him twice in regard to the Chapel to be built at Saxman. He said that they do not figure estimated cost of buildings, neither do thay make blueprints in their office, but that he would gladly draw scaled plans from which a cost estimate can be made. Yesterday I got the plans. All the work was gratis, but I tried to thank Mr. Lynn Forrest, in behalf of the Board of National Missions for his fine co-operation and help. He said that he would gladly render any assistance that he can, if and when it is needed. The cross on top can be omitted if desired, he said. Also the pillars at the front corners of the Chapel can be carved as desired. He said that Mr. Charlie Brown, a Native living between Ketchikan and Saxman, is a very good builder with logs, that he has done work for the Forest Dept. and heartily recommends him.

I am mailing you a copy of the plans of the Log Chapel for Saxman. I gave Walter Soboleff a copy and have two more copies in my possession. Walter suggested some changes in the arrangement of the front of the auditorium which he thinks would be more appealing to the native mind. I think he will write you about it.

A new interest has been shown in our Sunday School and work here which I think is not attributed to the approaching Christmas season. I hope and pray that it will continue to grow.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date December 15, 1941.

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As there are no telephones along the Glacier Highway this side of the Airport the people are maintaining a "blackout" until a telephone line or a code of signals can be arranged. Therefore there was no evening service in the Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday. I was ready to hold a service in my cabin but nobody came. Eighteen were out at Sunday School and we had a very interesting session. I am now Superintendent and also teach a Class which I bring down to my cabin.

There is no receipted sales slip for the $4.25 in the Auto Expense Column under date of Dec. 5. It was paid for vulcanizing a tire, and not getting a slip was an oversight.

There has been a good deal of snow during the past month which has made the roads very slippery and dangerous. My car has been stuck in the snow several times, but only once have I had to have help to get out.

What effect the war will have on the Christian work along the Highway is hard to say now. At present everything is unsettled. There is a blackout on the Highway; auto headlights are bainted black except for a narrow strip one-half inch wide and three inches long, and people are supposed to stay in their homes unless it is necessary to be out. The Highway is patroled, some bridges, the Airport, and some other places are guarded. The Volunteer Civilian Defense are doing what they can to help. Three nights I have been on duty (from 2 to 4 a.m.) at the Airport The Forest Dept. are going to extend the telephone from the Airport to Auke Bay, and perhaps to Eagle River Landing, with special call stations where a system for warning others in the community (in case of blackouts or an emergency) will be worked out. That will relieve the permaent blackouts and allow more freedom.

We are blacking out the Chapel and plan to have our S.S. Christmas there in the early evening of Dec. 21. For nearly a week I was about laid up with sciatic rheumatism. But I am O.K. now.
I have had a conference or two with Rev. Booth. He wants to study this field; so when roads and weather permit I want to take him around and meet the people.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date January 15, 1942.

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During the past month snow has been quite deep, making travel difficult and dangerous. However, with careful driving I have been able to get around with an occasional stalling in the snow, but with no serious trouble. Lately rain has been falling and the roads and trails have become glare ice, dangerous for travel either driving or walking. But if the rains and mild weather continue the ice will soon be gone.

The Christmas program given by the Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday School was very good and given with true Christmas spirit, The little Chapel-by-the-Lake was filled to capacity with friends and neighbors of the children. Your Sunday School Missionary was very much surprised when the Sunday School and the Chapeladies presented him with a radio. It was a wonderful thing for them to do, and indeed it is greatly appreciated.

War conditions with blackouts and instructions to keep off the highways at night have disrupted the evening services in the Chapel. So beginning next Sunday we are going to have Worship service in the A.M. in connection with the Sunday School. That seems to be the best arrangement now.

One day Rev. Willis R. Booth spent the day with me calling in several homes. It was a day well spent; the people liked him and appreciated having him call. We arranged for a Communion service to be held in the Chapel-by-the-Lake the evening of Jan. 11. A good many people planned to attend. But it was raining hard that evening (Sunday afternoon, all night and the next day) and the trails were so slippery that only one man and his wife ventured out. However, Rev. Booth with his wife and two Elders came out from Juneau (the highway between Juneau and the Chapel was not as bad and as dangerous to travel as the side roads and trails around here) bringing the Communion set with them. And though the attendance was small we did have a very blessed service. I am told that this was the first Communion service ever held in the Chapel-by-the-Lake. When the weather and the roads are better and the days longer, we plan to have another Communion service here. I am glad to report that Rev. Booth is very much liked by the people in this community who have met him.

My Christmas was spent very pleasantly. In the morning I was at the Minfield Home when the children gathered around the beautifully decorated Christmas tree, gave a short program and then received their presents. I think there were twenty-two children in the Home; and they were a happy bunch. Their eyes were sparkling and their faces were wreathed in happy smiles. Every child received something that delighted its heart. They were well remembered. One box was received from the First Presbyterian Church of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

After leaving the Minfield Home I made a number of short calls, and enjoyed an excellent Christmas dinner with my friends, Rev. and Mrs. Walter Soboleff; and then spent the evening with some neighbors out on the Glacier Highway near my cabin. And since Christmas I have had Walter Soboleff and his wife out to my cabin to help me celebrate a birthday dinner.

Most of the people around here are adjusting themselves to war conditions calmly and sensibly; loyally cooperating in whatever they can do. A Red Cross First Aid Class has been organized in this community, meeting twice a week under the efficient instruction of a Registered Nurse. Nearly thirty of us are in the Class.

Many who have been careless or indifferent toward Christianity are awakening to their need of a Savior and are desiring a deeper study of God's Word. In my visitations I find more people willing to talk of spiritual things, and are willing to have the Missionary pray in their homes.

Changes are coming rapidly and we know not what a day will bring forth. Therefore the urgent need is to be fortified by a strong faith and trust in God; for "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble". And trust in Him does give one strength and comfort, and speaks peace to the soul.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date February 16, 1942.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

In my last Month's Report I mentioned that we were going to try to conduct our Worship service in the morning in connection with the Sunday School as so few could attend in the evening. I am glad to report that so far the plan is working beautifully, and is developing into what I have been trying to work up ever since I arrived on the field, viz: a Bible Class.

The adults and the children meet in the Chapel-by-the-Lake at 10:30 A.M. Sunday mornings and we have the Opening Exercise and Devotions together. That in itself is a great help to the children, and I think the adults enjoy it also. Then, during class period, we let the children remain in the Chapel for their work under their instructors and I take the others down the steps to my little garage-cabin for our service. The group decided they wanted a Bible study rather than a lecture, and to my suggestion that we follow the Sunday School Lessons (Uniform) while they are in the Synoptic Gospels they heartily agreed. The interest seems to be growing; and several are attending who never got ø out to the evening services. I feel that the work is beginning to show results which is encouraging.

As I grow better acquainted with the people in this community I find that there was a misunderstanding regarding the work here before I came, and a few still harbor some bitter feelings against the Presbyterian Church. But I think that by taking the Rev. Willis H. Booth with me to visit in the homes, some of the bitter feelings will be forgotten and perhaps even become friendly.

The fore part of last week I spent a good portion of time with the Reverends Bromley, Trouty, Booth and Soboleff in their conferences and discussions regarding the continuation of several phases of Mission and Educational work in Alaska Presbytery. The fellowship of these fine men was a spiritual blessing to me. Paul spent two nights with me here in my cabin. And Dr. King you can imagine how we visited! We talked about that last day that you and your good wife were at "Camp Miles"; and how we three went down the trail to the swimming pool and crossed the dam to the island, and there sitting on the rocks in the

shade of the trees we had those heart-to-heart talks, and those prayers of consecration. The sacredness of those moments, Dr. King, can not easily be forgotten, and they stand as sacred monuments in our lives, and the memory of them bring to our hearts renewed courage and strength.

The Red Cross First Aid Class, of which mention was made in last Report, finished the Text Book last Friday evening. But we are meeting again Wednesday evening for a final review, and more practice in artificial respiration. Our teacher is Mrs. Ben Nelson (my next door neighbor), who is a Registered Nurse with eighteen years experience. She knows what she is talking about, and therefore makes our instruction both clear and interesting. We have learned a great deal in the short time the class has met, and are better prepared to render First Aid in case of an accident, or a war emergency.

Several places along the Highway have been designated as evacuation shelters and emergency hospitals. These are being equipped and provisioned, I am now a member of the Ministerial Ass'n of Juneau. Each minister in Juneau and Douglas are appointed for duty at certain shelters or hospitals in case of an attack or an alarm. And my appointment of duty are the shelters and emergency hospitals out in this community.

I am not gifted with a flow of words. I know that I am slow of speech. It will be hard to quiet and calm the frightened, the unreasonable, and the hysterical; but I pray God that all my ministry for Him may be earnest and sincere, and softened with brotherly love. We must not forget those comforting and strengthening words that Jesus spake unto His disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The Chapel-by-the-Lake is really beginning to find a place in the thoughts and lives of some people. I was interrupted in my writing by Mr. and Mrs. Epperson (who live near the end of Fritz Cove Road) calling to arrange, if possible, for a wedding. Her sister is going to be married and wants the marriage ceremony in the Chapel-by-the-Lake. They were in hope that I could marry them. But I told them that perhaps Rev. Booth would do it. I have not heard that a marriage has been solemnized in the Chapel-by-the-Lake, but it has a beautiful setting for such a ceremony.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date March 1o, 1942.

Note—This Supplement is furnished for the purpose of giving the Missionary an opportunity of reporting special work performed during the month, for which adequate space is not provided on the regular Monthly Report blank. It should be used also, to give information concerning the conditions of the field; the progress of the Community schools under the Missionary's care and any interesting incidents or experiences in connection with the month's work. Write on both sides.

This month started with a full day. Beside the regular services at the Chapel-by-the-Lake I called on several families, and then took Mrs Johnson to visit Harry O'brien at the jail in Juneau. Harry had made his home with the Johnson family who live down the Fritz Cove Road, and had caused lots of trouble and heartache by disappearing for two or three weeks at a time. He would hide out on some island in Auke Bay imitating Tarzan or Huckleberry Fin. Finally the Law got hold of him and convicted him of breaking into cabins, stealing and doing a great deal of damage to property, and so were sending him to some Indrustrial School in the States. I saw him later when he, with other prisoners, was embarking on a southbound boat. Harry has some very fine qualities and I liked him. But his life had been made miserable since small childhood. Just another case of a broken home where the children were shifted from one institution or home to another.

On February 21 the Chapel-by-the-Lake was honored by its first wedding ceremony. A young couple of Juneau desired to be married in the Chapel-by-the-Lake, surrounded as it is with so much of God's beauty and grandeur. And so it was arranged; the Chapel was beautifully decorated with green boughs of the forest trees and a few flowers. It was a beautiful candlelight service with the Rev. Willis R. Booth officiating. The bride's sister and husband live down Fritz Cove Road and a reception for the bride and groom was held in their home.

Another mark of distinction to The Chapel-by-the-Lake is the new marker designed, made , and erected by the Tongass Forestry Department. It stands beside the Glacier Highway near the cabin, at the foot of the steps leading to the Chapel. I am inclosing pictures of it.

Soldiers are now here. One Camp is near the Air Port. I have gathered and taken to the boys several armsful of magazines and papers. These are <u>not</u> listed in column #12 of my Report. I hope to take much more reading to the soldier boys.

It seems, Dr. King, that I have been called on to deal with more heartaches during the month than usual.. Pray that my ministrations may

be most helpful, and such as will lead to a stronger faith and to the loving comfort of Jesus.

Just now colds and whooping cough are cutting down the attendance at Sunday services. So far the sickness is not severe but keeps the patients at home.

I am now taking my turn with the other members of the Ministerial Association in broadcasting the "Morning Thought" over station KINY, in Juneau.

Had a happy two hours with Paul Trouty as he was on his way from Sitka to Seattle. He will be missed in this Presbytery and we are already looking forward to the time when he, and the Princeton-Hall, can return and carry on the missionary work in the waters of southeastern Alaska which has been temporarily by war.

The heavens declared the glory of God in a wonderful display of Northern Lights the other night. I stayed up till long after midnight watching the beautiful scene. Even then it was hard to go to bed and close my eyes to the inspiring grandeur of the night.

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SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date April 16, 1942.

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Several bundles of magazines and papers have been collected by your Missionary and taken to the soldiers camp, which are not recorded in in column #12. They were current magazines and papers with good and interesting reading for the boys, but they can hardly be listed as religious tracts or Christian literature.

The spring days are here. And now most of the people along the Glacier Highway are spending their evenings in their garden plots, preparing for the fishing season, working on some Defense project, or are otherwise engaged, and therefore the attendance at the Chapel services are dwindling.

Some very fine contacts have been made in homes during the month. One woman, who, a year ago told me that a certain other woman had made some cutting remarks about her but afterward apologized and asked for forgiveness, but the hurt woman would not forgive. I tried to point out to her that forgiveness was one of the Christian virtues, that Jesus even in the agony of hanging on the cross forgave His enemies. But she was bitter and said that she never would forgive that woman whom she had considered her friend. I have have tried to help the woman in a Christian way, and the other day she said to me, "Mr. Barrows, you remember I told you about a woman that I would never forgive? Well, I have forgiven her, and we are friends again!" The ring of her voice and the happy look on her face told of the joy she was experiencing in forgiving another.

In another home I have been instrumental in effecting peaceful relations between husband and wife, and I hope has prevented a divorce. I just mention these as wayside ministrations.

On March 23, the coldest day we have had this winter, a family in this community lost their two-room log home and contents by fire, but the little family of four were very graciously and generously cared for by the neighbors, which is just another demostration of the generous spirit that pervades Alaska.

TO BE USED EVERY MONTH, and enclosed with the Monthly Report to Everett B. King, Secretary for Sunday School Missions

SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Barrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date May 15, 1942.

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On Monday, April 20, Pastor and Mrs Wood, of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, took the Juneau Ministerial Association and their ladies on a picnic cruise for the day, on their missionary motorboat "Messenger".

They planned to take us to Taku Glacier, but as we turned into Taku Inlet the waves rolled the boat so badly that some of the ladies became seasick. So it was decided to turn in the other direction and cruise up Stephan's Passage to Young's Bay. This passage was protected by Admiralty Island and the waves were not so big. Soon a sea lion appeared near the boat and Captain Wood made several circles in hopes that his guests might obtain some good pictures of the fellow. In Young's Bay the water was calm and peaceful. Captain Wood throttled the motor down, and the ladies served a delightful luncheon. As we were returning to Juneau the sun broke through the clouds and shone through the falling mist, making a most brilliant and perfect rainbow.

Spring and the fishing season are both with us now. And this year the National Defense program is added; which means fewer in attendance at Sunday School nd worship services. Last summer two of us kept the Sunday school alive during the vacation with a session every Sunday. But conditions look more unfavorable. However, it is the Lord's work and I will do the best that I can.

One day as I was going to Juneau I picked up a man on the road and gave him a ride into Juneau. He was very grateful for the lift and wanted to pay me. I told him that I was not running a taxi but was glad to help a weary man on life's highway. He seemed pleased, and giving me a dollar said, "Here, take this and use it in your work". He had told me his name but it was a foreign name and I could not remember it. I am sorry that that is the only offering I have to report this month.

The Meeting of Presbytery at Wrangell with the Presbyterial meeting at the same time was a fine thing for me. The spiritual atmosphere of the meetings and the rich Christian fellowship did me so much good. I

conducted Devotionals one morning, and made a brief report of my work. Also I Assisted with the serving at the Communion service. The trip to and from Wrangell was not only a novelty to me but educational as well. My enjoyment on the trip was marred when I discovered lever on my Kodak had accidently been pushed to 'bulb release", and I thought that I was taking 'snaps' all the time. Therefore, most of the pictures of groups, etc. taken on the trip were spoiled.

Rev. Walter Soboleff was elected Moderator of Presbytery; and the Rev. Willis H. Booth was installed Pastor of Northern Light Presbyterian Church as the ministers were returning home.

Last Sunday Rev. Walter Soboleff was back at Wrangell as Speaker at the Wrangell Institute Graduation Exercises. His Session requested that I preach for them in the Memorial Church that morning. I arranged with Mrs. Mielke to superintend the Sunday school and teach my class at the Chapel so I could be at the Memorial Church. Being Mother's Day I had announced and advertised that there would be worship service in the Chapel-by-the-Lake in the evening - but I ws the minister and the congregation, not another person came. Several had told me that they would be too busy to attend. But even at that it is disappointing. And I am afraid that it will be this way until the busy summer season is past.

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SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Hillard E. Farrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date June 15, 1942.

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The Children's Day offering inclosed with this Report is not complete as some of the envelopes are not yet turned in. Will later send whatever is received. The Chapel-by-the-Lake Sunday School voted unanimously to include the money in the Birthday Box in the Children's Day offering for Sunday School Missions. When counted the amount was found to be $4.52, which helps make the $11.22 reported.

You will wonder why Walter Soboleff's offering to Missions is in my report instead of going through the channels of his own Church! It happens this way: Walter wanted me to take him, Mrs. Soboleff, and some students from Sheldon Jackson School, in my car out along Glacier Highway that they might enjoy some of the beauty and grandeur of God's handiwork. I heartily complied. And the girls took along a picnic lunch which added greatly to the outing. Walter would pay for the gas, and so I am inclosing it.

Last year most of the people here wanted to close the Sunday School for the summer months; but a few were loyal and faithful and we held a session every Sunday. The busy season is again with us. And though War Defense and war gardens are demanding more attention and more time there is no talk of closing the Sunday School. Interest remains good. In fact I think it is growing; as two young Mothers have started to bring their small children. The Sunday School is planning a picnic for the children soon.

Several Bundles of magazines collected and taken to the Army Camp is not recorded in Column 14.

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SUPPLEMENT TO MONTHLY REPORT

Of Willard E. Sarrows, Sunday School Missionary

Date July 15, 1942.

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The month started with a beautiful wedding in the Chapel-by-the-Lake. The happy couple were young people of the community, but went to live in Sitka where he is employed.

One day I brought Rev. and Mrs. Willis R. Booth out to get acquainted with the families on the Highway, the Loop and Fritz Cove Road. That was a pleasant and profitable day.

Another day the Juneau Ministerial Association met for a meeting in my cabin, the manse by the Chapel-by-the-Lake; and at the close of the meeting the ministers wives arrived with well filled baskets, and Rev. E. E. Bromley as an honored guest, and we all went to the Recreation Area on the shore of Auke Bay, where we enjoyed a bounteous picnic dinner and a jolly good time with games, berry picking and visiting.

The fishing season, gardening, berry picking and canning are in full swing now. And as most of Walter Soboleff's congregation are gone from Juneau, his Church granted him a vacation of several weeks. He is spending his vacation fishing, and doing mission work among the native Churches and villages on the Islands, as he has opportunity. While Walter is on this trip I am caring for some of his Church and radio services.

I am preparing to leave for Sitka the latter part of August, so as to be ready to begin my duties as nightwatchman at Sheldon Jackson School September first.

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PIONEER

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When Dr. King sent me my Commission as Sunday School Missionary on the Highway outside of Juneau, Alaska, and gave me the title of "The Shepherd of an Alaskan Highway", my mind visioned highways running from one town to another as I was used to in sparsely settled areas in Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and the Dakotas. But I knew that in Alaska there would be mountains, trees, rain and much water instead of dry, rolling prairies like those overwhich I had traveled. So I decided not to form any settled ideas as to my new field of labor as I knew that I would have to change them when I got there.

And here I am! Among the trees and mountains, living on the bank of the beautiful fresh water Auk Lake, and within half a mile of salt water. I am surrounded with the beauty and grandeur of God's handiwork, and within my heart is the assurance of His Omnipresence.

The Highway runs out of Juneau northwest along, or near, the shore of the Channel between the mainland and Douglas Island. In some places the tides lap one side of the highway and on the other side rises the steep, denselywooded side of a mountain. The highway extends along this shore for about thirty miles, touching Auk Bay, Tee Harbor, and Eagle River. These are points along the Channel that have not yet become even villages. At various places short roads lead off the highway down some peninsula, up a valley, or around a lake, as in the case of "The Loop" which circles Auk Lake and a small, thickly timbered mountain. And from this Loop run two spur trails up near Mendenhall Glacier. The upper part of the highway, toward Tee Harbor and Eagle River, is scarcely more than a one-way traffic lane with occasional wide places for cars to pass.

About twelve miles from Juneau on a prominent point beside the highway is situated the little Chapel-by-the-Lake, overlooking the highway, the beautiful Auk Lake, the green forests on the mountain sides, and through an opening between two mountains is a magnificent view of Mendenhall Glacier

and the snow covered mountains beyond. On the bank near the chapel at one time stood a log cabin. The owner had excavated a place in the bank level with the highway and built a garage. The cabin burned down, and the garage was converted into living quarters and is now become the "manse" for the Chapel-by-the-Lake. And in this garage-cabin is where I am living cozy and comfortable. It reminds me of the poem by Sam Walter Foss,"The House Beside The Road". And truely I want to be a real"friend to man".

This is an ideal place for the Chapel and manse, as it is in the center of a community that has a bright prospect of growing and developing rapidly. Many men who work in the gold mine, or at some other business in Juneau, have purchased homesites along the highway and are building their homes or improving their property as they are able. Some are living with their families in very small cabins. There are other people who live out along the highway only during the summer. But more and more people are getting their homes more comfortable and are living here through the whole year. Also this highway is becoming very popular for tourists,campers, and vacationists.

As in most newly settled places it seems that a large majority of the people are thoughtless or indifferent to their spiritual needs,or to Christian activities in the community. But thank God for the faithful few that are loyal and true and can be depended upon! The people here are very friendly and hospitable. I was given a most sincere and cordial welcome. It is amusing to know what queer ideas a young child sometimes gets, especially regarding a new person coming into the community. The first Sunday I was here a little girl went home and said,"Mama, the new god was at Sunday School today". The Superintendent had introduced me as the new minister.

Much credit and praise is due the Rev. John A. Glasse, Pastor of the Northern Light Presbyterian Church of Juneau (the only self supporting Presbyterian Church in Alaska Territory), who, through hard work and much sacrifice, started the mission work at this place four years ago. He helped

convert the little two-room house into a Chapel and make the garage habitable, and has ministered to these people as best he could. And it was Rev. Glasse who brought about the purchase of the properties on which these two buildings stand and are now owned by our Board of National Missions. He did a good work in laying a good foundation on which to build. He is still vitally interested in seeing the Mission work on this field grow and develop. To me he is a true friend and a wise counselor.

As I have been here only about a month and a half it would be presumptuous of me to speak of any growth in the work, more then to mention an increase in the attendance at Sunday School and Worship services. I like the people and the work, and what I have seen is encouraging.

There are quite a number of people that are not able to attend Sunday School or Worship services at the Chapel though they desire to do so. Some do not have a car and live too far from the Chapel to walk. Some others may have a car but the husband and father uses it to drive to work. Therefore, some of the faithful few who do have cars bring some of the children to Sunday School that would not otherwise attend. One car brought ten children last Sunday.

I find that some who have small children or are otherwise kept closely at home are very lonesome and are really glad to have the Sunday School Missionary call upon them. And I am realizing that perhaps my most effective work will be, not in the Chapel services important as they are, but in home visitations.

Humbly and earnestly I ask you readers to remember this Sunday School Missionary at the throne of Grace, that he may be a real "Shepherd" to the people along this Alaskan Highway.

Willard E. Barnes

I LIVED WITH THE ALASKAN PILGRIMS

(Copied from "Liberty" - October 12, 1935)

Note: When news of the colonization of the Matanuska Valley was announced, the Board of National Missions assigned one of its missionaries - Rev. B. J. Bingle - who was stationed at Cordova, Alaska, to the task of providing for the spiritual needs of the new settlers (more than two hundred families) and to be prepared to meet them when they arrived. Mr. Bingle has been a resident of the colony since its beginning and is carrying forward a program of church and Sunday school work, together with other varied forms of ministry in behalf of these people who otherwise would have been deprived of any spiritual care. He is conducting services and maintaining Sunday schools in each of the eight camps that have been established. Thus your Board of National Missions is continuing its work of pioneer ministry wherever the need is found in the Name of Christ and the Presbyterian Church.

Two men bore the little box into the half-finished recreation hall, where rough planks laid crossways over a couple of paint-stained and whittled sawhorses awaited it. They put it down gently and stepped back, that the minister and the mourners might come near.

The minister closed his book and raised his voice in song. Men, women, and children, many of them weeping, joined in with him, flooding the plain with nostalgic melody that echoed, half heard, against the mountains that fenced in the cloudy sky:

"Goin' home, goin' home --
I'm agoin' home."

It was William Arms Fisher's song written for the music of Anton Dvorak's New World Symphony.

The singers crowded about the box on its unorthodox altar. Two men had stayed up all the night before, making that little box, measuring pieces of fir, sawing, hammering, planing, while rain drummed on their tent. In the morning some women of the camp had lined it with pieces of silk and satin, with memories of weddings and christenings and gay times of long-gone days beyond these bleak Alaskan horizons.

"Quiet like, some still day,
I'm jes' goin' home.
It's not far, jes' close by,
Through an open door."

The box smelled of the forests from which it came, and of the wild flowers heaped upon it, and the dust that blew across it. The wind covered everything and everybody with dust, the fine dust of the Matanuska Valley, swirling in over the unfinished rough-board walls of the hall. People coughed, blinked, rubbed their eyes, dug their fingers into their ears, turned their heads.

A wan tired sunlight slanted in on the home-made coffin and the tired thin faces of the mourners. At least, the light seemed tired. It had been shining all day long, day after day. Even last night, when it rained, and people went into the hospital tent to look for the last time on the white face of the child - with the flickering blue lights shining on it from behind the isinglass windows of the stove - the sun had been shining, painting rainbows on the clouds.

The recreation hall rested on a little hill in the center of the headquarters camp. There were swings for children nearby, and a row of tents for officials. Below and to the left were the tents of the colonists, standing in straight rows, smoke eddying out of bent metal chimneys. To the right were the tents and the wooden buildings of the administration - men and women sent out from Washington to help the colony; the mess hall; the building used by the Signal Corps; piles of supplies; beds and stoves; crates and boxes of machinery; heaps of chimneys, vast quantities of everything set down without regard to order, uncovered, exposed to the dust or the rain.

Directly in front were the railroad tracks, lines of old red box cars, flat-cars full of new trucks, full of new lumber; and beyond, acres and acres of brush, forests of spruce and birch and poplar and cottonwood and willow and fir, and farther on the snow-covered mountains and the gleam of Knik Glaciers, a river of blue-white ice that caught a ray of the sun. The services ended. The little box was carried out to a truck. The flowers were heaped about it. The truck moved off, going slowly, and the mourners followed on foot, picking a careful way through the brush.

The grave had been dug in a clearing approximately five hundred feet from the edge of the camp. The box was lowered into it while the minister, the Rev. B. J. Bingle, prayed aloud. Rich black loam was shoveled over it and heaped into a tiny mound. And Donald Henry Koenen, four year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koenen, formerly of South Range, Wisconsin, had found his permanent home - the first home made by the American colonists in Alaska.

A man coming back from the funeral paused and shook his fist at the mountains. Many were sick. There was only one doctor, and he had a district of sixty square miles and no auto of his own. Like every one else, he must wait for a truck to come along and give him a lift. Little children lay on cots in humid tents and fretted and cried while mothers and fathers and big sisters fanned them and kept the mosquitoes away, and prayed for the doctor to hurry. Transient workers with crushed fingers and blistered feet and broken heads cursed and smoked and made bawdy jokes, and waited for the doctor. Men and women ill with rheumatism complained, played solitaire, wrote long letters home, and wondered when the doctor would get around to them.

The rain fell; the dust blew; it was hot by day, cold by night; the mosquitoes never let one alone; the darkness never came; and when the doctor arrived he could stay but for a few minutes. There was always somebody else waiting for him. This was no country to die in, this strange, primitive, cold and lonely land - this valley shut in by those austere impassable snow-covered peaks. It was the mountains one could not endure. They hemmed one in, especially if one were sick or the father of sick children. They smothered one, chilled him, frightened him. They were beautiful, yes - at first - with their dazzling white summits that turned to red and pink and mauve and gray and blue with the dying sun. But one got over their beauty after a time and saw only their grimness. And they were symbols of the land - this land where the colonists were set down with their families, their household goods, everything that was theirs.

Why, in the name of God, had they been sent here? To be trapped by those mountains? To freeze in tents? To die while the hard-pressed doctor tarried? Why? For millions and millions of years those mountains had stood there, barring the way, guarding the valley, changing it, sending rivers of ice down to make gorges in the rock, to make hills and depressions in the plain, to make rivers and lakes and swamps. Snow covered them eternally. Some of it melted in summer and formed lakes in back of the glaciers. The water cut through the bases of the glaciers. The sun attacked from above. In August, usually, the glaciers broke with a mighty roar and freed the lakes they had dammed, and tons and tons of water plowed down into the valleys, bringing great blocks of ice, great quantities of rock and earth and gravel, and sometimes great quantities of gold and other minerals. The floods subsided, leaving acres of rock and gravel and sand and silt; and the winds came and sent the silt and sand flying everywhere, to make black loam, to make fertile land, to cover the valleys with trees, with brush, with wild flowers.

Millions of years these mountains had been altering the surface of the Matanuska Valley - with no man to defy them, and none to take advantage of the rich soil they had made. Some men had lived in the valley hundreds of years ago - Indians who had given it its name - Matanuska (Muddy Waters). The town and the valley take the name from the river. The Indians had gone and left no trace. White men had come, a few of them, packing their supplies on their backs, to build log cabins, to stay for a few months or a few years, to trap, to hunt, to fish, to look for gold. But it was only recently they had come to make a living from the soil.

And now here was a little army of Americans come to fight the wilderness, the long days, the hordes of mosquitoes, the unchanging mountains. Here they were, comparable to the Israelites in the land of Canaan. It was a brave adventure - at first. It was a rich land. It would grow almost anything. The season was not long, but the sun shone twenty hours a day or more, and there was plenty of rain. It wasn't too hot in summer, and it seldom got any colder than thirty below zero in winter. It was virgin country. It was carpeted with moss. There was no frost until one dug very deep. It was covered with brush, with trees, with lush vegetation. Some of it had never felt the blade of the plow nor the tread of a man. Millions and millions of years it had waited, growing richer and richer every year - waited for men to come and make themselves a living if they dared.

It had been a gay adventure, for most of these people were poor farmers. They had done their best, but they hadn't managed to make much of a living back home. Here they would have forty-acre tracts, houses with running water, barns, wells, livestock, all the supplies they needed, and government advice and help in growing and marketing their crops. Moreover, they would be extended credit, and they would have thirty years in which to pay for what they obtained. They had come eagerly across the continent, along the long trek by water and up the railroad from Seward. And here they were, dumped into rows of little tents with all their possessions, set down on a dusty wind-swept plain - and apparently forgotten!

There were inadequate supplies. There were no houses, no barns, no churches, no schools. They had to fetch water from the community wells. Work that should have been done before they arrived hadn't been started. Supplies that should have been there couldn't be found. They were confused, and no one seemed to know who was in charge. No one could tell what was what. The feeling of adventure had faded when the first child took sick. And now one of the kids had died.

There were tears of hopelessness and rage in the eyes of the man who shook his fist at the mountains - tears and dust. He pulled down his mosquito veil, stumbled through the brush and the rocks and the dust into camp, into his tent. Two of his children lay there burning with fever, asking for the doctor.

Most of the men in this region wear the "Matanuska veil" - a band of black netting you can pull down around your head. It circles the average man's hat when not in use. I never saw one on a woman. Apparently only the men go veiled. They look very coy peering through that black mesh. But veils are needed especially in the woods, for the mosquitoes nest in the moss. And there are miles and miles of moss. In Seward they say you can always tell a Matanuska mosquito because it has a spot as big as a dime on each wing. This is probably an exaggeration, since I never found any spots on a mosquito's wing, though I saw plenty of the pests.

Two more children died in the next few weeks, and more than a hundred persons were sick. Dr. E. E. Ostrom could stand the strain no longer. He called up Dr. J. H. Romig of Anchorage and begged for aid. Anchorage is about thirty-five miles away from the headquarters camp at Palmer, or Valley City, as the colonists renamed it. A branch line of the Alaska Railway, owned and operated by the United States government, runs between the two localities. One car, driven by a Diesel motor, makes the round trip daily. There are no automobile roads. One was started out of Anchorage some time ago, but it has only reached Eklutna, the home of the Indian school. Some time next year it may be cut through all the way to Palmer.

"For God's sake," Dr. Ostrom said, "come up and help me, or send somebody up here. There are a dozen children sick - very sick. They may die if I can't get help. I need at least one more doctor, and I need nurses." Even as he talked a special train had pulled in from Seward, bearing S. R. Fuller of New York and his party. They had come to Alaska on the Coast Guard cutter "Shoshone". They had been sent by President Roosevelt after Eugene Carr, commissioner in charge of the camp, had asked for reinforcements.

Dr. Romig hurried down to the depot to meet Mr. Fuller, who called two of his party into consultation, Dr. R. G. Davis of the United States Navy, and Dr. J. R. Murdock of the United States Public Health Service. "Dr Ostrom must have whatever help we can give him," Fuller said. "You can get nurses?"

"Yes. We have a good hospital here. And I can send a doctor up there, too, Dr. E. C. Albrecht. A young man, but a good doctor. I'll send them up tomorrow."

"Today," said Fuller.

"There's no train out until tomorrow morning."

"Why don't you put them on this train?"

"Impossible, unless you wait several hours. I must get some supplies ready to go up with them."

"Then hire a special train. You must get there tonight."

The Fuller train pulled out a few minutes later.

Drs. Davis and Murdock visited a number of tents in the headquarters camp, and then visited other camps - thumbing their way. They were astounded at what they found - the many sick, the prevailing despair, the hopelessness, the bitterness. "Cheer up," they said. "Your kids won't die. We're going to build a hospital. We'll take care of everybody. Wrap up that child and get him ready to travel. There'll be a hospital to take him to before morning!" They toured the entire valley looking for a hospital site. Someone suggested the dance hall in the town of Matanuska. The doctors hurried there. They shook their heads. The building was inadequate and the town is in the glacier-flood zone.

"How about the recreation hall?" asked Commissioner Eugene "Watch-Out-for-the" Carr. Within half an hour every available carpenter in the camp was at work, and many of the colonists. Within six hours there was a hospital. Its floor had been swept and mopped; its windows cleaned. The stoves had fires in them. The beds had been arranged. They had clean sheets. The doctor and the nurses had arrived. And a crowd of men stood about the door, silent.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The sun had just come up. Trucks went thundering over all the roads. Trucks came thundering back with patients. Men and women got out of them, carrying their children. They handed them over to the nurses. They stood outside, peeping through the door, looking at the starched white nurses, the competent reassuring doctors, the row of inviting beds. The place smelled of clean lumber, of disinfectants, of hope. Some of them sat down in the shadows and wept a little, and listened for the cries they had heard so many nights in their tents, and talked to each other in low voices. They left reluctantly in the waiting trucks. It took courage to go - but courage had returned with hope.

A new world dawned that morning at two o'clock. The kids were safe. Not only that, but a big building had been finished in six hours. There was a chance that every family would have its home and ten cleared acres and a well before snow fell.